

Portal "We Kuffar"

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Oh these memories – although fading - feed illusions
of the lives we might have led
Not a moment's pause for purpose, lamentations - nor
a fear inside my head
I know it's faith that drives me - an unwavering faith
that we'll not stand 'lone
And our forfeit - for a future full of freedom - of a life
we might have known

Now adrift here in the silence - metaphor for the vast
unknowns we face
The mirage is slowly fading, the horizon holds the
fortunes we embrace
I know that I'm no hero, not a martyr, just a servant of
will
For tomorrow's full of wonders, humble graces, that
the blind may not fulfill

There was a time this land was a beacon, the cradle of
all things, you've wasted their gains
Beliefs to be built on, discoveries to dilate, ideas are
foundations, not crippling chains
This reckless divorce of compassion and reason, of
rational thinking – no harem awaits
And for your indifference, your indoctrinations,
immoral misleadings, our lives to the fates
Know this forever, that we were no martyrs, no god
fearing zealots, we fight for the truth
We're secular beings, more humbled by questions than
outdated answers that mesmerize you

Dictate of fate – why must we live by your hand
Smug in your own sense of virtue of reason of grand
Defending faith as sacred and righteous and pure
Smokescreen for hate, for abuses, mistrust and allure
Spectate of fate, with silence of ghosts to foretell
Weather for fear of the vengeance induced by this
spell
Defending faith as private, protected, divine
Sheltering fringes who honor their own lives like thine
Dictate of fate – we suffer your mindless decrees
Sure of your place in these fictions that bring men to

knees

Defending faith - the will of the words you hold true
In time, your edicts will unleash their wrath upon you

And lo, a light on, not so far away from Zion
In the land of the virile, the breeders, and the heroes
The rains fall down, modern arms and aging thoughts
collide

Drowned in the blood of holy rite

... and so we fight on

In the sands of the feral, the ciphers and the zeroes

In the grave passed down, in the storied bygoners

silence let survive

And drown in the blood of holy rite

Your lease on faith is fleeting, we believe

In freedom, justice fair, like you we need

Answers, consolations, but we feed

On wonder, life, how meaningless we seem

The universe is stranger still than we

The search for truth is motive 'nough for me

Now the light is slowly fading, we imagine in their eyes

we start to see...

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